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LINES ON SOME WITHERED FLOWERS.

I love ye, withered flowers,
Ye are still dear to me,
Although the fitting times ye are,
Of man's fidelity.

I love ye, withered flowers,
I prize ye to the last,
For ye conjure brighter visions,
Of sunny hours long past.

I love ye, withered flowers,
All drooping pale and dead,
Your brilliant colors faded,
Your grateful fragrance fled.

For ye bring back bygone years,
And memory loves to dwell
On many hallowed resting spots,
By forest, field, and dell.

Full well I do remember
The day the hour, the spot,
Where yonder heath was gathered,
And this I forget-me-not.

I cross again the mountain,
I tread the forest glade,
I listen to the rivulet,
I linger in the shade.

I hear a voice beside me,
In whispers soft and low,
A tale of love declaring,
And breathing love's first vow.

I gaze upon a well loved face,
And hear a well loved tone,
I start from my waking dream,
And find myself alone.

I see a spacious garden,
And flowers rich and rare,
Their balmy odours fling,
And perfume on the air.

A maiden and her lover
Are wandering there apart,
Low and earnest is his prayer,
She pledges him her heart.

In Eastern climes, he tells her,
Love is by flowers shown;
That blossoms there convey the thoughts,
Where writing is unknown.

That faithful love the full blown rose,
And myrtle leaf express,
The snow drop, youthful purity,
The broom, devotedness.

A bunch of fragrant roses,
He pulls from off the bow,
And gives them to the maiden.
As emblems of his vow.

That maiden kept her promise
For many years after,
In wed or woe her heart was his,
In sun-shine and in tears.

But her lover, he was faithless,
He soon forgot his vow;
Still the emblem of his passion,
The rose, is with her now.

Like that rose his love soon faded,
His faith, his truth, are dead;
Still that maiden loves his memory,
Though even hope is fled.

And then poor dying pansy,
A faithful emblem art,
Of thy fair sister name-sake,
Once blooming in my heart.

But who has long departed,
To seek another shrine;
And gladden with her presence,
Some lighter breast than mine.

ANNA TREHERE.

A STORY OF UNREQUITTED LOVE.

Many aunt, many counsel self knowledge—
it is never attained in its fullness, but when love
has been its predecessor. Love, for the first
time, opens a thousand abysses in the heart,
of the very existence of which, that heart's owner
has been unconscious. It is well when the
revelation is attended with nought worse than
astonishment—but how rarely are we thus
mercifully awakened to self-consciousness. How
many thousands shudder when they recall the
fearful time at which the secret of their own
bosom was laid bare to them—how few dare
date an expanded happiness from that trial
moment. Is it indeed a new life upon which we
enter, or is it a living death? Those who love
as Anna Trehere loved, will not hesitate over
the reply.

I would say that she married well, and that
her union gave her, at once, a defined and
recognized position in her husband's country. An
active, and pains-taking, rather than an original
character, Mr. Trehere was precisely suited
to make his way in provincial society.

The good sense, which, in the country, more
than compensates for the absence of the glitter
supposed to be peculiar to metropolitan circles,
ran no risk of being offended by any escapades
on the part of Mr. Trehere. No air-built
castles, no sanguine schemes, no impossible
projects found favor in his eyes, but at the county
meeting, the magistrates' board, or the sessions
it was to him that his neighbors looked for the
practical suggestion, which brought or averted
the canal or railway, lighted the town with gas
or guarded the road with police, sank the well,
or drained the market place, or drew the
Secretary of State's attention to the Union dietary.

It was clear that there was no romance about
such a husband; it was believed there was none
about his wife; and those who thought about
the matter at all, considered them excellently
adapted for each other. And had Anna Trehere
been differently educated, the result might
have justified such a belief.

But the awakening came. Its agent was—
as usual—the last person likely to fulfill such a
task. A young, pale clergyman, who had
recently been presented to a small living in the
neighborhood of Mr. Trehere's estate, accidentally
encountered Anna Trehere on one of
her visits among her husband's tenants. The
object of the two was so similar that an acquaint-
ance arose, and was soon followed by an invitation
from the Treheres to the reverend Lau-

rence Heathcote. But at this time Mrs. Trehere
was actuated by no unworthy feeling—she
was merely extending the courtesies of country
life to a lonely and estimable neighbor. If, indeed,
any personal sentiment could mingle with
Mrs. Trehere's attentions to Heathcote, it was
one of compassion, it might almost be of slight
contempt for the quiet, unobtrusive student,
who apparently entered society more as a duty,
than as a pleasure, and whose embarrassment
when called upon for an opinion, or even a
reply often gave evidence of an undue want
of self reliance, by no means calculated to advance
a man in the estimation of such a woman
as Mrs. Trehere.

It is needless to tread again so oft-trodden
ground as that upon which we are now venturing.
From indifference—or even a more separating
feeling—towards Laurence Heathcote, the heart of
Anna Trehere experienced a revolution,
which was the more fatal, because it had
been slow in its occurrence. To the eye of an
unbiased stranger, a comparison between the
husband, and, alas, the loved one, left the latter
at an immeasurable disadvantage. The one
an animation energy and success—regarded by
his fellow-men and graced with most of the
world's advantages, wealthy, and influential;—
the other, shy, thoughtful, neglected and poor:
could the "practical" woman hesitate? That
Trehere loved her, would be too much to say;
but then there was a warm cordiality and kindness
manifested by him, which, except with an
occupied heart must have had their weight, &
which often made Anna Trehere reproach herself
for her changing affections. A better husband
—in the world's phrase—could not have
existed. Nor, on the part of Heathcote, was
there, in his intercourse with Anna, the intoxicating
ardour, the semblance of passion, which
beguiles a heart already eager to be deceived.
The secret of the love he had inspired, had
become known to Heathcote, and had troubled him
far too deeply to permit him to enact the follies
of a feigned adoration. Feigned—for her love
was unreturned.

Deeply conscientious, the young clergyman
had shuddered at the conviction that an un-
hallowed love had been aroused for himself. 'mid
his long and lonely vigils, he had even prayed
that so dread a passion might be crushed, by
the searcher of hearts. Not for one hour did
Laurence Heathcote waver. The resolution
which came not to his aid in the ordinary scenes
of social life, sprang to strength at a nobler call.
And in laying open his own bosom with un-
flinching scrutiny, to discover how the conviction
of his position was working there, the priest
dared to trace out the possible—the guilty end—
of an encouraged passion, it was only to record
the vow that neither look nor word of his
should sanction or stimulate such a love—and
to hasten with earnest appeal for himself—for
both—to the shrine where strength, if asked in
sincerity, is never denied to the suppliant.

The struggle which now arose in the bosom
of Anna Trehere was dreadful. The intensity
of her real nature, long hidden, had at last
become revealed to herself, while the tide of
passion was doomed to be frozen at its first gush.
She felt herself, indeed, alone in the world,
the bitterest misery of all—that which privation,
sorrow, sickness, are as nothing. It is the
deprivation of hope—and the more affectionate
the heart, the greater its agony. To this resolute,
practical Anna Trehere had been brought.
The luxuriant home, the honoral position,
the troops of friends, were now only memories
of her grief—she reminded her at every turn
that she was a prisoner. She would have exchanged
them all for a silent corner in the little apart-
ment where Heathcote studied, and would have
thought herself happy in being permitted to
watch him at his labours—or, might she un-
reproved, but catch his glance, her ambition would
be fulfilled. Is not love the mystery of mys-
teries?

Laurence Heathcote is dead. The shattered
frame of the student, in which the seeds of
consumption were already sown, did not last
long. Without the acquaintance with Anna
Trehere, it would not have lasted long. But
the hard vigil, the stern self examination which
from the instant he discovered the secret, the
young priest deemed it his duty to undergo,
hurried onward the process of decay. Ere
many months, the green turf of his little church-
yard was disturbed, to make way for the remains
of Laurence Heathcote.

What Anna Trehere now is, may be judged
by those who, like her, have loved hopelessly.
She may be seen in society, where none dream
what has caused the wreck of all her hopes. But
life and energy are gone with hope, and in the
face, still beautiful in its corpse-like stillness,
the only expression is that of a rooted sorrow,
which must soon work out its own rest & cure.
'Tis the silent grief, that out the heart-strings

A Noble Volunteer at Buena Vista.
Every day's report serves to reveal some fresh
incident of interest. A long official account
of the desperate conflict at Buena Vista, from
an Illinois volunteer, concludes with this affecting
notice of a young man of distinction and
learning who fell in the ranks:

In the same part of the field, and about the
same time with Clay, McKee and Hardin, another
fell, pierced by a lance, whose name is
worthy of a place in the rolls of fame—private
Alexander Kunze, of Company H, 2d regiment
of Illinois. The writer was honored with his
friendship, and had an opportunity of knowing
him well, being a member of the same company
and his tent mate. His conduct on the field
was most soldierly, cool, calm, deliberate, and
prompt in obeying orders. His courage was

conspicuous, even in the moment of his death,
when he refused to surrender. Except a brother
in South America, he left no relatives on this
continent. His widow mother lives in Buck-
burgh, in Hanover, near to his native city—
Hamburg. He received a splendid education
at the Universities of Jena and Göttingen. He
had been but a year in the United States when
he joined our regiment in Alton, whither he had
come a volunteer, from Wisconsin. His mo-
tives in taking this step, were that he might
serve the country, whose constitution he respected
before all other systems of government, and
gratify his curiosity in a new mode of life, by
seeing Mexico and observing, as he did with a
philosophic eye, the character of her people and
institutions. The writer promised much pleasure
to himself in travelling with him through
this country. He was twenty-seven years of
age, and probably the most learned man in the
army. His knowledge of philology was accu-
rate and profound. Such was his familiarity
with the Latin, that by one day's examination
of a Spanish Grammar he was able to read this
corrupt language with facility. Many pleasant
hours have we spent together in rambling
over the plains and mountains of Mexico, while
he filled his haversack with new plants to send
to Germany, and which his knowledge of botany
often enabled him to class in their several
genera and species.

A better or a braver heart than his never beat
its last upon a field of battle. While awaiting
upon the field, on the night of the 23d of Febru-
ary, the renewal of the attack by Santa Anna, the
thought was consolatory to several of his com-
rades, that death, on the next day, might make
them compatriots of Miltiades, of Socrates, and
of Kunze. This man died for a country of which
he was not a citizen; shall it be said that he,
the republican son of Germany, was not a true
American? May his example animate the hearts
of those whom alone he would acknowledge as
countrymen—the good and true of every clime
and country.

Horrible Massacre—Butchery of Mexicans.

We have already briefly noticed the fact, that
a number of the Arkansas regiment of volunteers
had wreaked terrible vengeance upon a party of
Mexicans, beyond Agua Nueva, in retaliation
for the assassination of several of their comrades.
The correspondent of the St. Louis Republic
at Agua Nueva, furnishes the following most
affecting account of the cold blooded butchery:

Occasional murders of our men in the country
—since we have been in the country—
all killed by the lasso. The Arkansas reg-
iment of horse, from their having been em-
ployed as scouts, and occupying the outposts, have
been particularly exposed to this guerilla warfare,
and have lost four or five of their men. The
day before yesterday, it was reported that
one of their number had been killed, as he had
been missing from camp since the day before,
when he went out to look for his horse. Search
was made for the body, and it was found about
a thousand yards from our camp, with a lasso
around the neck, and tied to a prickly pear, lay-
ing been dragged some three hundred yards, on
the face through the chapparal. It presented
a horrible sight; the name of the young man
was Colquitt, a nephew of the Senator. The
Arkansas men vowed vengeance deep and sure.
Yesterday morning a number of them, some 30
persons, went out to the foot of the mountain,
two miles off, to an "arroyo" which is wash-
ed in the side of the mountains, which the "gu-
sinos" of Agua Nueva had fled to upon our
approach, and soon commenced an indiscrimi-
nate massacre of the poor creatures who had
fled to the mountains and fastness for security.
A number of our regiment being out of camp, I
proposed to Col. Bissell to mount our horses &
ride to the scene of carnage, where I knew,
from the dark insinuations of the night before,
that blood was flowing freely. We hastened
as possible; but owing to the thick chap-
parrals, the work of death was over before we
reached the horrible scene, and its perpetrators
were returning to camp, flushed with revenge.

"The tyrannous and bloody act is done:
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever our land did pity of."

has been perpetrated almost within sight of five
thousand soldiers professing to be Christians, &
belonging to one of the most enlightened and
civilized nations of the globe. Let us no longer
complain of Mexican barbarity—poor, degraded,
"priest ridden" as she is. No act of in-
human cruelty, perpetrated by her most desper-
ate robbers, can excel the work of yesterday,
committed by our soldiery. God knows how
many of the unarmed peasantry have been sacri-
ficed to atone for the blood of poor Colquitt.
The Arkansas regiment say not less than thirty
have been killed. I think, however, that at
least twenty have been sent to their eternal rest.
I rode through the chapparals, and found num-
bers of their dead bodies not yet cold. The fea-
tures, in every instance were composed and tran-
quil—lying upon their backs, eyes closed, and
feet crossed. You would have supposed them
sleeping but for the gory stream which be-
lowed the turf around them. In some instances,
in the overflow of demonic vengeance, the car-
bine had dashed out the brains of its clayey vic-
tims. Death in all its horrors I have seen and
been familiar with from boyhood, and I could
not feel the dread reality before me, until Col.
B. and myself rode down the arroyo to where,
from the curling smoke, we supposed the wo-
men and children of these poor creatures were
secreted. We rode up. Four and anxiety
were depicted in every countenance. The wo-
men crowded around us for protection—and
notwithstanding they were not more than half
a mile from this scene of butchery, they were
wholly ignorant of what was going on. An
old female, who looked as though she might be
the grandmother of the whole, advanced to us,
and in the most imploring manner, asked us to
send back her husband and sons from the camp,
where she supposed they had all been taken. I
then told them that I feared their men were
killed. They soon comprehended my fears, and
the old woman asked us to lead to the dead
bodies; and, accompanied by two little boys of
about two years of age each, we set out for the
scene of murder.

"The first body we approached," he writes,
"the old woman exclaimed was a 'caratero'—
adonde estan los otros, madre de dios, adonde
estaban los otros?"—where are the others?—Mother
of God! where shall we go? We then led them
to another body—that of a man about 30 years
of age, who lay as tranquil as though he was
in the sweetest sleep. The little boy, im-
pelled by that instinct which seems to lead us into
trouble and difficulty ere it is ready for us, out-
stripped his companions and was the first to ar-
rive at the body. He advanced steadily to its
side, gazed upon the countenance which was
half concealed beneath the broad-brimmed som-
brero; folded his hands upon his breast, and
looked with dreaming earnestness upon the vic-
tim of ill timed vengeance. The heaving of
his manly little chest, and the silent tears steal-
ing way down his cheeks, told too eloquent
a tale the fellow had lost a friend. I said
to him in the most soothing tone I could com-
mand: "Do you know that man?" To which
he replied: "Es mi padre, caballero." (He is
my father, sir,)—walked round the body, ex-
amined the bullet hole in the side, turned away
from us, drew his sleeve across his eyes, and
without an audible sob or murmur, returned to
the glen where his mother, brothers, and
sisters, were to hear the tale of their desolation.

No earthly power exists to punish the per-
petrators of this horrid outrage. Congress, in its
wisdom, has refused to sanction executions in
the field for murders committed there, and all
that can be done, is to send the perpetrators back
in disgrace. The army condemns the bloody
deed; and, but for the agency of Capt. Coffey,
of our regiment, who rallied his men and step-
ped between the victims and their executioners,
seventeen others would certainly have been killed.
He was brought by him into the camp. Had
the Arkansas men, in the first flow of ex-
cited feeling, shot down a Mexican or two, in
retaliation for their murdered comrades, I could
have pardoned, but not justified it; this whole-
sale slaughter will, I fear, bring reproach on
the whole volunteer force. It was but the act
of a few desperadoes, who care neither for God,
man, nor themselves.

SANTA ANNA.

The early military career of Santa Anna is
thus sketched in the September number of Black-
wood's Magazine:

"Santa Anna, in 1823, was unknown; he was
simply a Colonel in the Mexican service. The
declaration of public opinion in that year, in fa-
vor of republicanism, found him a zealous con-
vert; and at the head of his troops he marched
from Vera Cruz to meet the troops of Iturbide.
He met the Emperor's General, Echavari, half
way to the capital, and after some trivial en-
counters, made a convert of his enemy; Echavari's
battalions marched into Santa Anna's camp.
Iturbide, thus suddenly stripped of his troops,
had no alternative but to capitulate, and go into
banishment. The Republic was proclaimed,
and Santa Anna was recognized as the deliverer
of his country. But an occasion occurred, in
which his military talents were also to be
equally conspicuous.

Seeing a Spanish private man, with 4000
troops, under General Barradas, he was dis-
tinguished by the lasso, and sent to recover
the country for the Spanish crown. The in-
stance of the activity of Old Spain was so un-
expected, that the republic was in general con-
sternation. But Santa Anna took his measures
with equal intelligence and bravery. Collecting
about 600 men hastily, he crossed the gulf in
open boats, and evading the Spanish vessels of
war, landed within a few miles of the Spanish
expedition. Barradas unprepared for this dash-
ing antagonist, had gone on some rash excur-
sion, carrying with him three-fourths of his
force; the remaining thousand were the garri-
son of Tampico. Santa Anna losing no time,
assaulted the place next morning; and after a
few hours' struggle, made the whole garrison
prisoners. His victory placed him in imminent
danger. Barradas rapidly returned. The Mex-
ican General, encumbered with prisoners found
himself in presence of triple his numbers, and
with a river in his rear. Death or surrender
seemed the only alternatives. In this emergency
he hesitated, and proposed an armistice, impress-
ing the Spanish General with an idea that he
was at the head of an overwhelming force—an
impression the more easily made, from the ap-
parent hardness of venturing so near an army
of Spanish veterans. One of his first conditions
was, that the Mexican troops should return to
their own quarters unmolested. Thus, with
merely 600 men, he escaped from five times
that number. In a few days he was joined by
700 men, he then commenced an incessant and
vigorous attack upon the Spanish position, which
was followed by the surrender of the whole
corps; and 2,200 Spaniards were embarked for
the Havana as prisoners of war. Santa Anna's
force never exceeded 1,500 men.

A campaign of this rank naturally placed
him in a distinguished point of public view.—
Yet he remained in comparative quiet on his es-
tates near Vera Cruz, on the Neapolian prin-
ciple—waiting his opportunity. It soon came:
in 1841, Bustamante, the President, fell into un-
popularity; murmurs arose on every side among
the troops, and Santa Anna was summoned to head
a revolution. Gathering five or six thousand
men, chiefly raw recruits, he marched on the
capital. The enterprise was singularly suc-
cessful, for Bustamante was an experienced offi-
cer, with 8,000 men under his immediate com-
mand. Santa Anna again tried the effect of
diplomacy; the result was, that Bustamante
faintly surrendered both his power and his place,
and was shortly after sent into exile.

"Santa Anna now governed the country as
dictator. His administration had the rashness
but relieved from the encumbrances of the
Spanish dependence, was beginning to enjoy the
relief of his unparalleled climate and boundless
fertility, when a new enemy arose in Texas."

STAMPEDES.

"We find in the Mount Morris Spectator a
letter from Dr. Myron Mills, who went to San-
ta Fe as a surgeon in Gen. Kerney's regiment
from which we take the following:

"It may not be uninteresting to your readers
to know how the Indians effect stampedes upon
horses, and succeed in driving off large numbers
as they do sometimes, and that, too, even from
a strong guard. Twenty or thirty Indians, mount-
ed on mules, will ride up in the night as near
to the camp or place where the horses are gra-
zing as they think they can without being dis-
covered by the guard; then they divide off in
squares of five or six, and plant themselves in
almost every direction (if the shape of the
ground will admit of it) around the camp. Then
one or two Indians will creep up near the horses
whispering to the ground, make sudden fright-
ful noises with horse hilles or some other in-
strument. The horses bound upon their feet,
throw their heads up, and all at once make a
break on mules. If they are picketed they now
draw the pickets or break the larrigets, and

away they go perfectly regardless of tents,
guard, and every thing else. As soon as they
approach near any of the Indians on their mules,
supposing them no doubt to be horses, whilst
the remaining Indians pursue them from behind
and thus frighten and drive them on. In this
way they often drive off several hundred horses
in one stampede, and afterwards secure them
all. It is a grand yet fearful sight to see a large
number of horses in a stampede. When en-
camped upon the Arkansas river, near Bent's
fort, I saw upon the opposite side of the river
(some of the troops had crossed over to obtain
grass for the animals) eight hundred horses in
a stampede. They took flight simply from an
antelope jumping and bounding through the
camp, and that too in daylight. The rattling
of the iron pickets and the rumbling of the
earth were distinctly heard on that occasion for
two miles. About fifty of the horses were cu-
rely lost."

THE ISTHMIAN TREATY.—Among the
great topics connected with the commercial and
territorial advantages and prospects of the coun-
try, which the present position of our foreign
relations brings into view, the plan of uniting
the Atlantic and the Pacific through this isth-
mus, is certainly one of the most important.—
It will go far towards changing—and that is
the signal profit of our country, the main stream
of the commerce of the world. The whole sub-
ject is no doubt receiving that careful considera-
tion at the hands of the Administration, to
which it is entitled. It will be productive of
great benefit to the world at large, as well as
to the United States. It will be by far the short-
est and most direct route between the United
States and the territories on the Pacific. It
will stimulate the resources and exertions not
only of the western side of the American Con-
tinent, but of the eastern portion of Asia, and
all the intermediate islands on the broad Pa-
cific.—Washington Union, April 20.

From the New Orleans Picayune of April 27.

The Volunteers in Mexico.

From all that we can learn the Washington
"Union" will be grievously disappointed in re-
spect to the renewal of their engagements by
many of the volunteers, whose term of service
is about to expire. It is not supposed here that
a single regiment can be formed out of all the
twelve months' men now in Mexico. The vol-
unteers who won the glorious battle of Buena
Vista are on their way home. One of the Ken-
tucky regiments is already at the Brazos. Col.
Jefferson Davis's regiment will soon be there,
and the Illinois and Indiana troops will follow.
We learn from officers and men that there is no
disposition to re-enlist. The accounts from
General Scott's column are not more satisfac-
tory. The determination to return home, as
soon as their enlistments expire, is universal.
The officers are as little desirous as the men of
remaining in the service; so that the whole of
Gen. Taylor's Buena Vista army, with the ex-
ception of a few regulars, and a large portion
of the second Kentucky regiment will return
without its colored or lieutenant colonel; the
first Mississippi will bring home its colored and
lieutenant colonel, upon litters; the Illinois troops
leave the gallant Hardin where he fell; and
Yell comes back no more at the head of the
men from Arkansas. These noble regiments
have melted away under the severities of a
campaign in which, if they have not won the
lasting gratitude of their countrymen, they have
won nothing.

EDUCATION IN PRUSSIA.—All children between
the age of seven and fourteen years are direct-
ed to be either sent to school, or educated at
home by their parents. If the latter plan is pre-
ferred, the principal authorities are to be in-
formed in what manner the education is provided.
If the former, attendance is insured by keeping
lists of absentees, and submitting them at short
intervals, to the inspection of local com-
mittees. These are empowered to summon the
parents in case of negligence, and to reprimand
them; or, in extreme cases, to punish them by
the infliction of such penalties as are com-
monly awarded by police tribunals—that is we pre-
sume, by fine and imprisonment. The parents
are also deprived, as a measure of extreme rig-
or, of all participation in the public provision
for the poor. On the other hand, if poverty
be the cause of absence, the commune is to fur-
nish to the parents such assistance in the
shape of clothes or otherwise. The number
of children thus educated is stated by M. Cou-
sin to have been 2,43,030 in the year 1831—a
number which, after deducting available ab-
sences, embraces the whole population between
seven and fourteen years of age.—Prater's
Magazine.

When a party of the Kentucky Legion
arrived at Matamoros on their return march,
the Massachusetts regiment paraded and re-
ceived them with due military etiquette.—Gen.
Cushing addressed them in his usual eloquent
style, with a few very appropriate and com-
plimentary remarks. The fine dress and gener-
ally neat and clean appearance of the Massachu-
setts men contrasted strongly with the scarred and sun-
burnt faces, the black, blue, red, and tie-colored
shirts, and as many colored pants of the boys
then returning from the bloody field of Buena
Vista; but when the column moved, and they
came to handle their guns, then "old Kentucky"
shone out as conspicuously as their new ac-
quaintance did a few minutes before.—Detroit
Advertiser.

NEW ORLEANS STEAMERS.—Mr. Isaac Ver-
ton, the enterprising proprietor of some of the
most splendid boats on the Hudson river, and
equal to any in the world, is about to erect a
line of steamers between New York & New Orleans.
Peter C. Brooks of Boston, is considered the
richest man in New England.

OFFICIAL DISPATCHES.

The following Official account of the Battle
of Cerro Gordo, reaches in the Detroit papers,
unusually early, being brought from Buffalo in
advance of the mail.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY.
Plan del Rio, 50 miles from Vera Cruz,
April 19th 1847.

Sir—The plan of attack sketched in gen-
eral orders, No. 111, (published in last evening's
Union,) herewith, was finally executed by this
gallant army, before 3 o'clock P. M. yesterday.
We were quite embarrassed with the result of
the victory—prisoners of war, heavy ordnance,
field batteries, small arms, and accoutrements.
About 3,000 men laid down their arms, with the
usual proportion of field and company officers.
besides five Generals, several of them of great
distinction. Pinson, Jarrero, La Vega, Nor-
iego, and Obando. A sixth General, Vasquez,
was killed in defending the battery (tower) in
rear of the whole Mexican army, and the cap-
ture of which gave us those glorious results.

Our loss, though comparatively small in num-
bers, has been serious. Brigadier Shields, a
commander of great activity, zeal, and talent,
is I fear if not dead, mortally wounded. He is
some five miles from me at this moment. The
field of operations covered many miles, broken
by mountains and deep chasms; and I have not
a report as yet, from any division or brigade.
Twigs' division, followed by Shields' (now
Col. Baker's) brigade, are now in route toward
Xalapa, and Worth's division is in route thither,
all pursuing, with good results, as I learn from
part of the Mexican army—perhaps six or seven
thousand men, who fled before our right had
carried the tower, and gained the Xalapa road.
Pillow's brigade only, is near me at the depot
of wounded, sick, and prisoners, and I have time
only to give from him the names of Lieut.
F. R. Nelson, and 2d C. G. Gill both of the
2d Tennessee foot, Haskell's regiment among
the killed; and in the brigade 106, of all the
killed or wounded. Among the latter, the gallant
brigadier general himself, has a severe
wound in the arm, but not disabled, and Major
R. Farquison, 2d Tennessee: Capt. H. P.
Murray, 2d Lieut G. T. Sutherland, 1st La.
W. P. Haly, (adjutant) all of the same regi-
ment, severely, and 1st Lieut. W. Yearwood,
mortally wounded. And I learn from personal
observation, on the ground, the 1st Lieut.
Ewell, of the rifles, if not dead, was mortally
wounded in entering sword in hand the trenches
around the captured tower. 2d Lieut.
Derby, topographical engineers, I also saw at
the same place, severely wounded, and Capt.
Patten, 2d United States infantry, lost his right
hand.

Major Sumner, 2d United States Dragoons,
was slightly wounded the day before, and Capt.
Johnston, topographical engineer, now Lieuten-
ant Col. of the Infantry, was severely wounded
some days earlier.

Capt. Mason and Lieut. Davis, both of the
rifles, were severely wounded. The former was
wounded, may be about 250, and the latter re-
ceived 360. In the pursuit toward Xalapa (25
miles hence,) we have added much to the ene-
my's loss in prisoners, killed and wounded. I
suppose his retreating army to be disorganized
and hence my haste to follow, in an hour or two,
to profit by events.

Brig. Gen. Twiggs, in passing the mountain
range beyond Cerro Gordo, crowned with the
tower, detached from his division, an en-
gaged the day before a strong force to carry that
height, which commanded the Xalapa road at
the foot, and could not fail, if carried, to cut off
the whole or any part of the enemy's forces
from a retreat in any direction.

The brigade ascended the long and difficult
slope of the Cerro Gordo, without shelter, and
under the tremendous fire of the artillery and
musketry with the utmost steadiness, reached
the breastworks, drove the enemy from them,
planted the colors of the 1st artillery, and the
7th infantry—the enemy's flag with fly—
and after some minutes of sharp firing, finished the
conquest with the bayonet.

It is a most pleasing duty to say that the
highest praise is due to Harney, Childs, Pin-
son, Loring, Alexander, their officers and men,
for this brilliant service, independent of the
great results which soon followed.

Worth's division of regulars coming up at
this time, he detached Brevet Lieut. Col. T. P.
Smith, with his light battalion to support the
assaults but not in time. The Gen. reaching
the tower a few minutes before me, and ob-
serving a white flag displayed from the nearest
portion of the enemy towards the batteries be-
low, sent Col. G. Harney and Childs, to hold
a parley. The surrender followed in an hour
or two.

Maj. Gen. Patterson left a sick bed to share
in the dangers and fatigues of the day; and after
the surrender went forward to command the
advanced force towards Xalapa.

Brig. Gen. Pillow and his brigades, twice as-
saulted, with good daring, the enemies line of
batteries on our left; and though without suc-
cess, they contributed much to distract and di-
may their immediate opponents.

President Santa Anna, with Generals Cana-
lizo and Almonte, and some six or eight thou-
sand men, escaped towards Xalapa, just before
Cerro Gordo was carried, and before Twiggs'
division reached the national road above.

I have determined to parole the prisoners—
officers and men—as I have not the means of
feeding them here beyond to-day, and cannot
afford to detach a heavy body of horse and foot
with wagons to accompany them to Vera Cruz.
Our baggage train, though increasing, is not yet
half large enough to give an assured progress
to the army. Besides a great number of pris-
oners would probably escape from the escort, in
the long and deep sandy road, without subsis-
tence—ten to one—that we shall find again, of
the same body of men in the ranks opposed to
us. Not one of the Vera Cruz prisoners is be-
lieved to have been in the lines of Cerro Gordo.
Some six of the officers, highest in rank, refused
to give their paroles, except to go to Vera Cruz
and thence perhaps to the United States.

The small arms and their accoutrements, be-
ing of no value here or at home, I have ordered
them to be destroyed; for we have no means
of transporting them. I am also somewhat em-
barrassed with the heavy pieces of artillery—
all bronze, which we have captured. It would
take a brigade and half the mules of this army
to transport them fifty miles. A field battery
I shall take for service with the army; but the
heavy metal must be collected and left here for
the present. We have our own siege train &
the proper carriages with us.

Being much occupied with the prisoners, and
all the details of a forward movement, besides
looking to the supplies which are to follow from
Vera Cruz, I have time to add no more—
intending to be at Xalapa early to-morrow. We